

Cape County Herald

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CAPE GIRARD, MISSOURI

Follies is flourishing like measles in a careless community.

An yet science has failed to produce the business race meeting.

Many of the men's fall hats need a lawn mower run over them.

Shrub is becoming a coach at Harvard. Another bush league!

Algerettes are now raised in New York, but lovely woman is just as fascinating.

Some people like to have a war scare every once in a while just as a relaxation.

Still, if the kalydoid were infallible it would incur the jealousy of the professors of the weather bureau.

If sparring means disaster in an aeroplane, we prefer to walk and sneeze to our heart's content.

Another mother has entered her little boy for "perfect child" honors. All children are perfect—to their mothers.

A New York woman, attired in a hobbie skirt, took a kick at a dog. We leave the reader to imagine the rest.

A New York hack driver ate 57 ears of corn in one sitting, which probably accounts for the fact that he is a hack driver.

For the benefit of those who abhor dictionaries he explained that a philatelist is a boy stamp collector after he grows up.

A New York woman spends \$8,000 a year for face massages. Off hand, without seeing the lady, we'd say her face isn't worth it.

News that the 1912 automobiles are on the market causes us to look with pity on those unfortunates who have no homes to mortgage.

Boston is in receipt of a strange and unidentified sea monster. The thing came to the right port to get itself named scientifically.

A sidewheel steamer that will carry 6,000 people is being built for use on the Hudson river. Even if it doubtless be overpowered on Saturdays and holidays unless the authorities watch carefully.

"Carry an onion in your pocket," says the Memphis Commercial-Appeal, "and you will not have fits." We pass the advice along to the people who are looking for a European war over the Moroccan question.

Billie Burke, after having her wardrobe soaked in the Carlton fire, arrived in New York to find that her trunk had been forwarded on the wrong steamer. Some women have wonderful luck in advertising.

The New York milliner who went broke rather than bother his customers with bills made a fatal mistake when he allowed his business address to be published.

One hundred and eighty feet of blackberries were killed by a Connecticut farmer in seven minutes. Now we do not miss the sea serpent any more.

Persons who attended wrestling matches and other bouts in the Colosseum of old Rome did not have field glasses with which to combat the by no means considerable distances of that historic inclosure. So the world, after all, has made progress.

If New York city has the 5,000,000 inhabitants that the directory publishers suggest, it follows that a good many of them are outside of the 400.

Boston is shocked because a well-known young man married his nurse. Boston is the city that Benjamin Franklin moved away from when he started to grow up.

The center of population always was a wobbly point, anyway, and Unionville, Ind., should be glad to lose it. The town that has an enterprising population in, not around it, is the one that counts.

Texas is to forbid the shooting of doves, as these gentle and beautiful birds have been found to be destroyers of pernicious weeds. The Audubon society is doing a useful missionary work in opening the eyes of the public to the great use of birds in the destruction of weeds and insects and to the consequent folly and loss in their slaughter. This law in Texas is an example which other states will doubtless soon follow in the local preservation of useful birds.

Considerable fuss is made over the discovery by a Pasadena woman of an unpublished poem by Bryant. Poets who are complaining because of their inability to get their poems published should make note of the fact that there is nearly always widespread excitement when unpublished poems of dead poets are discovered.

After several years in the ministry a Massachusetts man has gone into the coal business, where opportunities for missionary work are not lacking.

The Awakening of the Older Nations

The Spirit of Change Has Reached the Holy Land and Its Famous Capital—Religious Sectarianism Has Crowded Holy City With Rival Establishments.

By WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

Jerusalem.—Of three holy cities that are popular places of pilgrimage, Jerusalem, Mecca and Benares, the Turkish empire has two within her borders. The Holy Land, as Christendom calls the little strip of territory along the Mediterranean coast north of Egypt, is an integral part of Turkey. It has always been famous for the persistence of its ancient customs, so that hundreds of clergymen travel over it every year, to get light on the Bible. A generation hence, that search will not be so successful, for it is patent that Palestine is sharing the awakening of the ancient east.

Not only is there a railway from Beirut to Damascus, and from Damascus to Haifa, and from Haifa to Jerusalem, but there is also projected at the present time a new railway that will go down the coast from Beirut through Sidon, Tyre, Acre, Haifa and Jaffa, clear to the Suez canal.

Improving on Solomon. The ancient City of David has come under the new influences of modern times. Negotiations are at present pending for several radical and transforming innovations. The first of these to be pushed to early completion will probably be the water system. Jerusalem still depends on the collected rain supply in cisterns for its water. The very pools built by Solomon are still in use, although the municipal system has greatly deteriorated since his day.

Now it is proposed to bring water from two sources, in Fara, north of the Mount of Olives, and Fawar, another spring in the same valley. It has been found that this water is pure and sufficient for the city's needs. When this has been put into water



City of Palestine.

main, and all the residents have been compelled to install it in their homes. It will mean a revolution in the habits and the life of the people, and, it is hoped, a revolution also in the matter of personal cleanliness.

Where Foreign Governments Interfere.

In order to meet the expenses of the installation of the water system, the government decided to take, as a special tax, the hides of the animals slaughtered within the city. A common sight is a sheep tethered on the sidewalk outside the butcher shop, awaiting its turn. As this bore hardly upon the butchers, many of whom are registered at the various consulates as citizens of foreign countries, these representatives of the powers objected, so some other means of financing the new water system will have to be found. Men seeking the concession are on the ground, and the government seems determined to carry the project to an early settlement.

Allied to the water question is that of sewage. Jerusalem has something in the way of an antiquated system of sewage, but the visitor would never suspect it. Travelers talk of the stinkiness of the streets of Jerusalem—and the latrines understand them in the terms of the west, which gives no inkling of the real situation. The proprietors of western life do not permit one to speak freely on this point, but the streets of Jerusalem are as bad as those of the Chinese cities, if not worse. The marvel is that pestilence has not swept away the population. If, along with the proposed new system of sewage, there go vigorous police regulations, a most welcome change will be effected in the sights and smells of Jerusalem.

Down David Street by Trolley.

Until recently it was impossible to travel anywhere in Jerusalem by wheeled vehicle, but various streets have been widened, thanks largely to the visit of various royal personages. But on the whole, the streets of the city are narrow and unfit for vehicle traffic. Many of them are vaulted, so that they are really tunnels, and while picturesque to the last degree, they do not lend themselves to the purposes of modern streets.

Now the reform government proposes to install four or five lines of electric trolley cars, all of them centering at the Jaffa gate. They will connect the neighboring villages with the city, so that one may go to Bethlehem for a nickel, and in less than half an hour. One line will invade the

old bazars, widening the street of David, carrying passengers past the Mosque of Omar, which is the site of the ancient Temple of the Jews. Imagine the worshippers of the Temple disturbed by the clang of the bell of the electric car!

At present, most of the streets are as narrow as footpaths. When the soft-stepping camel comes along, as he does every few minutes, all pedestrians must stand aside in the recesses of the bazars, or against the walls, to make way for his passage. Even the plodding donkey, who, still as of yore, is the favored beast of burden, takes nearly the whole street when he passes.

These electric lines will vastly enhance the comfort of the city, but they will play havoc with its historical aspect. Can sentiment survive the conductor's call, "All out for the Holy Sepulcher!" "This way for the Jews' Walling Place." "Next stop the Temple Area." "The Damascus Gate," and "Via Dolorosa!"

New Lights for Old Streets.

Jerusalem is not so dark as some Oriental cities, for the municipality placed a thousand kerosene lamps along the principal highways. Now it is on the program of the government to install an electric lighting plant for the streets, and for the stores and houses.

A telephone system also is on the docket. At present practically all the modern business of Jerusalem is done outside of the city walls. Messages can be carried from one part to another only, as in the time of David, by foot messenger. Soon the tinkling of the telephone bell will rival the more musical notes of the camels' bells.

A Pauperized City.

Religion has blighted Jerusalem. The Apostle Paul could repeat here his famous words: "I perceive that in all things you are too religious." One looks in vain for the smokestacks of modern industry, and for great warehouses, or temples of business. He sees scores of expensive modern buildings, but all in the name of sectarian religion.

Old Jerusalem, as viewed from the hills, presented one outstanding building, the Temple of the Jews. Today the approaching traveler is confused by the multitude of the spires and towers and noble edifices. Missions of all kinds, and hospices and convents and monasteries and asylums abound.

striking contrast to the famous Christian shrines.

A Nazareth Carpenter's Views. The changes that are bound to transform Jerusalem and Palestine are already to be seen at work. In the bazars of an older day are exhibited foreign styles of dress, and goods of American and European manufacture. The stream of tourists from the west has effected changes in fashions. The economic conditions of the land have altered greatly.

That this has penetrated to the smaller towns and villages, I learned in Nazareth. Here, seated amid the fragrant chips of an old-fashioned carpenter's shop, I talked with the carpenter, at work on the floor, hewing out a wooden plow. He complained bitterly of the general advance of prices of living, so that the 20 cents a day, which used to be a good wage for a skilled carpenter, is now inadequate. Some of his relatives have solved the problem by emigrating to America, and he inquired concerning the feasibility of doing likewise.

The world currents of today are pouring the warm stream of transforming life against the ancient east. All that centuries have failed to do in Palestine, the present decade seems destined to accomplish. Paradoxically, the Holy Land has furnished the awakening motive that has made western civilization; but the land itself has remained largely untouched. Now Palestine's turn seems to have come.

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HOW BIRTH WAS ESTABLISHED

Calf's Birthday Was Recorded, Thus the Age of the Human Being Became Known.

Dr. Cressy L. Wilbur, chief statistician of the bureau of census in Washington, tells a story taken from court records which, according to the Woman's Home Companion, fairly typifies the national attitude toward vital statistics.

"Farmer Hadley," he said, "of Indiana on dying left his valuable farm in trust to his unthrifty son, to become the property of his granddaughter on her twenty-first birthday. 'This girl had been told the date of her birth and when her twenty-first anniversary, as she supposed, came around, she claimed her inheritance. But her father refused to surrender the farm, asserting that she was only nineteen.'

"The dispute was taken into court. The family Bible was appealed to, but the page for births and deaths was blank. The father had rendered no report to the town authorities; the family doctor was dead. Finally a neighbor remembered that a certain cow, much prized by the grandfather, had given birth to a calf on the very day when the girl was born and he could swear to it.

"Perhaps the court officer, the grandfather had recorded the birth of the calf! The old farm book, carefully preserved in the family strong box, sustained the judge's theory; all the circumstances of the calf's birth were fully recorded. And thus the birthday of the human being was at length established.

"Talk about the registration of births in the United States!" exclaims Dr. Wilbur, "why, for not much more than one-half of the total population is there a fairly accurate registration of deaths, to say nothing of births, of which we have nowhere in the country reliable or complete information, and many of the states are so little concerned about human life that they make no more account of the deaths of their citizens than of the trees they burn to make clearings."

HOODOOS OF WALL STREET

Men Who for no Apparent Reason Do Not Make a Success in Business.

Wall street people are superstitious. They will deny it when told so, but if you ask any one in the street if he ever knew a hoodoo he will say, "Yes, many a one."

Such a one was a cotton expert who, highly recommended, applied for a place with a Stock Exchange house that had bought a cotton-exchange membership and needed a man to open a new field of speculation to its clients.

The applicant was in every way desirable save for the fact that three houses with which he had been connected had failed, though not one for a dishonest reason. He was rejected as a hoodoo.

Shortly afterward he made a connection with another house to fill a similar want and proved a very valuable man in his sphere, but within a year the fourth house failed.

The hoodoo is often a man whom everybody likes, speaks well of and recommends to every one else, with the one reservation—he is a man who unaccountably has not succeeded. There is nothing whatever against him; he is honest and shrewd and all that, but—unaccountable.

Once the hoodoo becomes known as such he must attach himself to the newcomers—those who do not know, have not been warned or who are so new and confident as not to care. Each connection he makes is a little less desirable, until he finally reaches the stage at which he is ashamed of his associations.

Sign of Popular Affection.

"Weren't you indignant when people you didn't know called you by your first name?"

"No," replied Senator Borah; "but I've worried a great deal since they've shown a disposition to stop it."

Second Temple's Foundation Laid

Sunday School Lesson for Oct. 22, 1911
Specially Arranged for This Page

LESSON TEXT—Ezra 3:1-11.
MEMORY VERSE—3:11.

GOLDEN TEXT—"Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise."—Psa. 100:4.

TIME—The arrival at Jerusalem, B. C. 427. Foundation of the Temple, B. C. 425. Delay, B. C. 424-423. Building of Temple begun, B. C. 422. Temple completed, B. C. 421. Period of the lesson, 24 years.

PLACE—Jerusalem and vicinity.

PROPHETS—Haggai, B. C. 420. Zechariah, B. C. 420-418. Daniel the aged (Dan. 9:2).

RULERS—Cyrus king 539 B. C. 529. Cambyses king B. C. 529-522. Darius king B. C. 522-486. Zerubbabel governor of Judea.

The exiles found Jerusalem in ruins, together with the surrounding cities of residence and their orchards and farms, much as they had been left by Nebuchadnezzar's armies fifty years before. Trees were growing wild on the Mountain of the House, and the Jackals prowled among heaps of shattered masonry. Crumbling stone-work and charred timbers marked the site of palaces and towers, and choked the streets. The city walls and gates were leveled with the ground. The first business of the returned exiles was, of course, to provide some kind of dwellings for themselves and their families. They accordingly settled in the small cities surrounding Jerusalem, perhaps repairing the houses and walls that had been ruined by the besieging armies years before, or contenting themselves with huts or tents. The territory they controlled was of course small, and hemmed in on all sides, "including only Bethlehem on the south, while on the north their territory measured no more than twenty-five miles in length by twenty in breadth," and even upon this encroached the heathen or mongrel population.

As soon as the returned exiles had become settled in their homes, and had planned for the necessities of life, within three or four months of their arrival, they wisely arranged for the religious life which was the very heart of the nation's existence, and the central motive and inspiration of the return. It would require years to build the temple. It was not wise to wait for that. It was essential that all needed helps to devotion and religion and righteousness should be provided immediately, to sustain them in the work to be done amid opposition and temptations which were to try their souls as gold in the fire.

When the builders laid the foundation of the temple, there was a great celebration. The chant of praise was responded to with a great burst of jubilation, vocal and instrumental, the substance of which was some well-known sacred refrain. There is a wonderful power in music and every atom of it should be used in God's service. The church has scarcely begun to use this power in its fulness. Some object to responsive singing; some have opposed putting an orchestra in the Sunday school, as if these were modern novelties, instead of 8,000 years old. These old salutes used every kind of instrument, every method of singing—solos, responses, choruses, marching songs, refrains, everything that would give wings and inspiration to the service of song.

Those who had known only the exile conditions sang Hallelujahs, because it was an unspeakable joy to have a temple at all. It meant the saving of the nation; it meant the returning favor of God. It was no limit to the religious life and the blessings which could grow out of it. It made possible the greater glory, which fifteen years later the prophet Haggai foretold, when it should be fulfilled in the Messiah.

We learn from Haggai that the people were busy with building beautiful houses, and cultivating their farms. They planted vineyards and orchards, figs, pomegranates and olives. But all their efforts were failures. They "looked for much, and lo it came to little." For they cared more for their own houses and farms than for the house of God.

Then arose the wise, aged prophet-preacher Haggai, who had been watching the course of affairs, and in the name of God, urged the people to arise and build the temple, for the time had come! He made four addresses in the autumn of 520, the summaries of which are recorded in his book. He began at the religious festival of the new moon when crowds of people were assembled, probably in the temple area itself, where the altar was smoking with sacrifices, and the unfinished foundations and the desolation of the city were in full view, while in the distance were the homes and fields of the leaders.

While aged Haggai was urging the people to rise up and build, a younger prophet-preacher was inspired to encourage the people, and to remove their difficulties and doubts, by a series of emblematical visions, or object lessons.

He urged all high motives for renewing the work, and enforced them by their own experiences. They had tried to gain prosperity, "the religion was neglected. They had sought the fruits of obedience to God, while they neglected the tree that alone could bear the fruit. They wanted rich crops in their fields, while they stopped up the springs that alone could make them fertile. Haggai said to them, look at the results of your bad policy. Consider your ways. Change your plan. Put God, and religion first. Seek first the kingdom of God and its righteousness.

The Onlooker

WILBUR D. NESSBIT

ARMS and the WOMAN



(Dr. C. L. Dana says that the arms of women are becoming anatomical vestiges and in time will be absent, because of lack of use.)

Believe us if all these bewitching, plump arms

Which we gaze at so fondly today
Are to vanish, what then our wildest alarm

Must at once our spirits hold away,
O, how will the weaker century hence,
Or perhaps twenty years from now
Find a hand he may hold when he wants to commence

To pour out all the warmth of his soul
And the swain that's accepted, to what may be clinging

When he hears her sweet voice murmur
"Yes?"
When no finger exists where he may place the ring,

What will be a balm for his distress?
Must the elbows' bedimpled fade soon from the sight?

Evolution our souls greatly grieves,
Though 'tis true that we'd half the glad day with delight
When it brought us no more changes in sleeves.

Tell the children—Ah, how will the children be reared
With no hands by which they may be spanked?

Mothers humbly armless will never be feared
And the prophets of science be thanked,
And O, how will bridge what or planes be played?

Or the husbands deprived of their hair?
'Tis a prospect at which we may well stand dismayed
And sink down to the depths of day's despair.

Bring hither the broom and the rolling-pin, too,
Till washboard and flat iron are well;
Let the arms of the women begin to rest now

For cold science has rung out their knell,
For believe us if all these bedimpled, plump arms
Which we gaze at so fondly today
Were to vanish as vanish our other loved charms

There would then be the dickens to pay,
Might Do.

"I've perfected a scientific system of making people glad," announced the man with the high forehead. "By my method the most depressing attack of the blues may be dispelled within ten minutes, and all cases of melancholy, unhappiness, and similar afflictions can be eradicated quickly. But the trouble is I don't know what name to give my profession. I want a word that will tell the whole story at a glance."

"Why not," asks the man with the discouraged whiskers, "why not call yourself a cheerologist?"

Dramatic.

"Who is the lady over there, with the purple hat and the costly furs?"
"She's a prominent actress."

"I thought as much. She seems to receive a great deal of attention. What does she play in?"

"Well, she is in the chorus of 'The Grizzly Umpah,' but she has a line in it. She says 'Why not?' during the second act."

"And who is that lady sitting alone over yonder?"

"That? O, that's nobody but Miss Wuxart, who used to be celebrated for her rendition of Shakespearean roles. She doesn't cut much ice nowadays."

How it Worked.

"Yes," says the man with the sad eyes, "my wife got a lot of fashion papers and patterns and made her own spring dress. She figured it all out that she was going to save a lot of money."

"And did she?" asks the man with the expectant air.

"Did she? Say, it worked just like building a house by one of those sets of plans and specifications for erecting a four thousand dollar home for two thousand."

Growing Aweary.

"And so you have come here every summer for five years?" said Harold to Myrilla.

"Yes."

"But I should think you would have grown tired of seeing the same hills and the same trees and the same lakes and the same bluffs."

"Well, I do get tired of the same old bluffs, even if they are made by different men each year."

Wilbur D. Nessbit.